MISCELLANY.

HARVEST.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Spring hath the morning gladness,
The hope of budding leaves;
And Summer in her queenly lap
The wealth of noon receives;
But Autumn hath the twilight's crown,
The joy of garnered sheaves.

Where late in stately phalanx
The ribboned corn was seen,
Where the golden wheat was waving,
And the oats in silver sheen,
And where the buckwheat snow was white,
Hath the reaper's sickle been.

In clouds the purple sater
Infolds the hill-sides bare;
The sumach lifts its vivid plumes
Like flame; the misty air
Hath hints of rainbow splendors
Estray and captive there.

The hidden seed that slumbered,
So safe beneath the snow,
When the bridegroom sun with kisses
Made earth's wan cheek to glow,
With thrills of life was quickened,
And could not help but grow.

By softest love-caressing,
By sweetest drops of dew,
'Mid sudden storms of passion
And heats of wrath it grew,
Till the fields were ripe to harvest,
And the year's long work was through.

The mother-earth is tired—
So child on mother-breast
Lies soft till after birth throes;
Toil giveth right to rest;
And all the joy of harvest
With the peace of God is blessed.

—*Harper's Bazar.*

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

"It's a shame!" said Mrs. Fogg, as she hurried away, after the funeral of Mrs. Grant, escaping from the poor, desolate room where two children, almost babes, were sleeping, unconscious that they were motherless. "It's a shame that nobody'll take them."

"Yes—a bitter shame!" replied a neighbor, who was also going off as fast as she could, so as to shift responsibility on some other shoulders.

"There's Mrs. Grove; she might take them as well as not. But they'll go to the poor-house, for all she cares."

"Well, somebody'll have to answer for it," said Mrs. Fogg. "As for me, I've got young ones enough of my own."

We left Mrs. Cole in the room. She has only one child, and her husband is well-to-do. I can't believe she'll have the heart to turn away from them."

"She's got the heart for anything. But we'll see."

Mrs. Cole did turn away from the sleeping babes, sighing aloud, with a forced sigh that others might hear, and give her credit for a sympathy and concern she did not feel.

At last all were gone—all but a man named Wheaton, and a poor woman, not able to take care of herself.

"What's to become of these children?" said Wheaton.

"Don't know. Poor-house, I s'pose," answered the woman.

"Poor-house!"

"Yes. Nobody wants 'em, and there's no place else for 'em."

"Mamma, mamma!" cried a plaintive voice, and a flaxen-haired child, not much over a year old, rose up in bed, and looked piteously about the room. "I want mamma."

A great, choking sob came into the man's throat.

Then the other child awoke, and said, "Don't cry, sissy. Mamma's gone away."

At this the little one began crying bitterly.

"I can't stand this, no how," said the man, speaking in a kind of desperate way; and, going to the bed, he gathered the two children in his arms, hushing and comforting them with soothing words.

"What on earth have you got there?" exclaimed Mrs. Wheaton, as her husband came striding into the room, where she sat mending one of his well-worn garments.

"Two babies!" he answered, in a voice so unusual that Mrs. Wheaton dropped her work on the floor, and rose up in amazement.

"What?"

"Mrs. Cole's two babies. I've been over to the funeral; and I tell you, Jane, it wasn't in me to see these little things carted off to the almshouse. There wasn't a woman to look after them—no, not one. Every soul sneaked off but Polly Jones, and she's no account, you know. Just look at their dear little faces!" And he held them in his arms, and let their tender, tearful, half-frightened, half-wondering eyes plead their cause with his wife, and they did not plead in vain.

Surprised as she was, and with an instant protest in her heart, Mrs. Wheaton could not, in the presence of these motherless little ones, utter a word of remonstrance. She took the youngest one from the arms of her husband, and spoke to it tenderly. The child sobbed two or three times, and then laid its head against her bosom. There was an influx of motherly love in the heart of this woman, who had never been a mother, the instant her breast felt the pressure of the baby's head, and the arm that drew it closer with an involuntary impulse was moved by this new love.

Not many words passed between the husband and wife—at least, not then, though thought was very busy with both of them. Mrs. Wheaton's manner toward the children was kind even to tenderness, and this manner won their confidence, and drew from them such looks and ways and little expressions of satisfaction as touched her heart, and filled it with a loving interest.

After nightfall, when supper was over, and the children asleep, Mr. and Mrs. Wheaton sat down together, each showing a little reserve and embarrassment. Mrs. Wheaton was the first to speak.

"What were you thinking about, John?" said she almost sharply. "I can't have these children."

Wheaton did not lift his eyes, nor answer, but there was a certain dogged and resolute air about him that his wife noticed as unusual.

"Somebody else must take them," she said.

"The county will do it," Wheaton replied.

"The county!"

"Yes. There's room for them at the almshouse, and nowhere else, that I know of, unless they stay here."

"Unless they stay here!" Mrs. Wheaton's voice rose a little. "It's easy enough to say that—but who's to take care of them?"

"It's a great undertaking, I know," answered the husband, meekly, yet with a new quality in his voice that did not escape the quick ear of his wife, "and the burden must fall on you."

"I don't mind that so much, but—"

She kept back the sentence that was on her tongue.

"But what?" asked her husband.

"John," said Mrs. Wheaton, drawing herself up in a resolute manner, and looking steadily into her husband's face, "as things are going on—"

"Things shall go on differently," interrupted Wheaton. "I've thought that all over."

"How differently, John?"

"Oh! in every way. I'll turn over a new leaf."

Wheaton saw a light flash into his wife's face.

"First and foremost, I'm not going to lose any more days. Last month I had six days docked from my wages."

"Why, John!"

It's true—more's the shame for me. That was eighteen dollars, you see, not counting the money I fooled away in idle company—enough to pay for all these babies would eat and wear twice over."

"Oh, John!" There was something eager and hopeful in his wife's face as she leaned toward him.

"I'm in downright earnest, Jane," he answered. "If you'll take the babies, I'll do my part. I'll turn over a new leaf. There shall be no more lost days; no more foolish wasting of money; no spending of evenings at McBride's."

"Oh, John!" In her surprise and delight, she could only repeat the exclamation. As she did so this time, she rose, and putting her hands on his shoulders, bent and kissed him on the forehead.

"You'll take the babies?" said he.

"Yes, and twenty more, if you keep to this and say so," answered Jane, laughing through her tears.

"All right, then. It's a bargain." And Wheaton caught his wife's hand and shook it by way of confirmation.

From that time Wheaton really "turned over a new leaf." Neighbors expressed surprise when it was told that Jane Wheaton had adopted the two orphan children. Fellow-workmen taunted John, calling him soft-hearted, and a fool, for "taking other men's brats."

One said to him: "Are four mouths easier to fill than two?"

Another: "You'll be sick of all this before the year's out."

And another: "I'll see you sold out by the constable in less than six months."

But John had little to say in reply—only maintaining an air of quiet good humor, and exhibiting more interest in his work.

For three weeks John Wheaton had not lost a day—something very unusual; and not one evening during that time had he spent at McBride's drinking saloon. His poor little home, which had come to have a neglected look, was putting on a new appearance. The gate that for months had hobbled on one hinge, now swung smoothly, and the mended latch held it shut. Rank weeds no longer filled the door-yard; the broken steps were mended and clean panes of glass filled many a place in the sashes where had been unsightly rags and sheets of paper. A neglected running rose was trimmed, and trained to its proper place over the doorway, and was now pushing out young green leaves and buds.

Within, pleasant changes were also apparent. Various new but inexpensive articles of furniture were to be found. Old things were mended, polished up and wonderfully improved. With all this, marvelous to relate, Wheaton's earnings had not only been equal to the increased expenditure, but there was an actual surplus of ten dollars in hand.

"I never would have believed it," said John, as he and his wife sat one evening talking over their improved condition, after the babies—loved now almost as if their own—were asleep. "It's just as old Brown used to say—'Waste takes more than want.' I declare I've got heart in me again. I thought we should have to let the place go; that I'd never be able to pay off the mortgage. But here we are, ten dollars ahead in less than a month; and going on at this rate, we'll have all clear in eighteen months."

Next day a fellow-workman said to Wheaton, half in banter: "Didn't I see the constable down your way yesterday?"

"I shouldn't wonder," replied Wheaton, with more gravity of manner than his questioner expected.

"I thought I saw him looking around after things, and counting his fees on his fingers."

"Likely as not," said Wheaton. "I know of a good many rents not paid up last quarter. Money gone to McBride's, instead of to the landlord—eh?"

The man winced a little.

"How are the babies?" he asked.

"First-rate." Wheaton answered, and with a smile so real that his fellow-workman could not pursue his banter.

Time went on, and, to the surprise of all, Wheaton's circumstances kept improving. The babies had brought a blessing on his house. In less than eighteen months he had paid off the light mortgage that had for years rested on his little home; and not only this, but had improved it in various ways, even to the putting up of a small addition, so as to give them a neat breakfast-room.

The children grew finely—there were three of them now, for their hearts and home had opened to another orphan baby—and, being carefully trained by Mrs. Wheaton, were a light and joy to the house.

At the end of five years we will introduce them briefly to the reader. Wheaton is a master-workman, and employs ten men. He has enlarged his house, and made it one of the neatest in the village. Among his men is the very one who bantered him most about the children, and prophesied that he would soon be sold out by the constable. Poor man! it was not long before the constable had him in charge. He had wasted his money at McBride's, instead of paying it to the landlord.

Walking homeward, one evening after work was over, Wheaton and his journeyman took the same way. They were silent until they came near the former's pretty dwelling, when the journeyman said, half in jest, yet with undisguised bitterness: "I guess we'll have to take a baby or two."

"Why?" asked Wheaton, not perceiving what was in the man's thought.

"For good luck," said the journeyman.

"Oh!"

"You've had nothing but good luck since you took poor Mrs. Grant's orphan children."

"Only such good luck as every one may have if he will," answered Wheaton.

"I can't see it," returned the man. "Your wages were no better than mine. I had one child, and you saddled yourself with two, and not long after added a third. And how is it to-day? You have a nice house, and your wife and children are well dressed, while I have never been able to make both ends meet, and my boy looks like a ragamuffin half the time."

"Do you see that house over there—the largest and the handsomest in the place?" said Wheaton.

"Yes."

"Who owns it?"

"Jimmy McBride."

"How much did you pay toward building it?"

"Me?"—in surprise.

"Yes, you! How much did you pay toward building it?"

"Why, nothing. Why should I pay for his house?"

"Sure enough! Why should your hard earnings go to build and furnish an elegant house for a man who would rather sell liquor, and so ruin his neighbors, body and soul, than support himself in a useful calling, as you and I are trying to do?"

"I can't see what you're driving at," said the journeyman.

"How much a week do you spend at McBride's saloon?"

The man stood still, with a blank look on his face.

"A dollar a week?" asked Wheaton.

"Yes."

"Say a dollar and a half."

"Well, say as much."

"Do you know what that amounts to in a year?"

"Never counted it up."

"Seventy-eight dollars."

"No!"

"Yes, to a dollar. So, in five years, at this rate you have contributed nearly four hundred dollars toward McBride's handsome house, without getting anything but harm in return, and haven't a shingle over your head that you can call your own. Now, it's my advice, in a friendly way, that you stop helping McBride, and begin to help yourself. He's comfortable enough, and can do without your dollar and a half a week. Take a baby, if you will, for good luck. You'll find one over at the poor-house; it won't cost you half as much as helping McBride, and I don't think he needs your aid any longer. But here we are at home, and I see wife and children waiting for me. Come in, won't you?"

"No, thank you. I'll go home and talk to Ellen about taking a baby for good luck." And he tried to smile, but it was in anything but a cheerful way. He passed onward, but called back after going a few steps, "If you see anything of my Jack about your place, just send him home, will you?"

Jack was there meanly dressed and dirty, and in striking contrast with Wheaton's three adopted children, who, with the only mother they knew, gave the happy man a joyful welcome home.

"I've turned over a new leaf," said the journeyman, when he came to work on the next morning.

"Indeed! I'm glad to hear it," returned Wheaton.

"Ellen and I talked it over last night. I'm done helping saloon-keepers build fine houses. Glad you put it to me just in that way. Never looked at it so before. But it's the hard truth. What fools we are!"

"Going to take a baby?" said Wheaton smiling.

"Well, we haven't just settled that. But Ellen heard, yesterday, of a poor little thing that'll have to go on the county if some one don't take it; and I shouldn't wonder, now, if she opened her heart, for she's a motherly body."

"Where is it?" asked Mr. Wheaton.

"Down at the Woodbury Mills."

Wheaton reflected a few moments, and then said: "Look here, Frank; take my advice, and put this baby between you and McBride's—between you and lost days—between you and idle thriftlessness, and, my word for it, in less than two years you'll have your own roof over your head."

Only for a little while did the man hesitate, then, with an emphatic manner, he exclaimed—"I'll do it."

"Do it at once, then," said Wheaton. "Put on your coat, and go over to the Mills and get the baby. It will be an angel in your house, that will help and bless you in every hour of temptation. Go at once. God has opened for you this way of safety, and if you walk therein all will be well."

He did walk therein, and all was well. Wheaton's prophecy was fulfilled. In less than two years the journeyman had his own roof over his head, and it covered a happy home.—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

The Moon's Orbit.

We commonly regard the moon as a satellite of earth, and we are taught at school and in our text-books, that while the earth travels round the sun, the moon travels round the earth. But in reality this is erroneous, or is at least suggestive of error. The moon ought to be regarded as a companion planet, traveling with the earth around the sun. The distinction is not at all a fanciful one. The earth is not the body whose force the moon chiefly obeys. On the contrary, she is attracted more than twice as strongly by the sun. If the motions of the earth and moon could be watched from some far distant standpoint, the observed movements would by no means suggest the idea that the moon was circling around the earth; and, in fact, if the earth were concealed from view while her satellite was thus watched, the moon would appear to circuit round the sun in an orbit which could not be distinguished from that which the earth herself pursues.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

—A Southern lady sends *Harper's Bazar* the following recipe for glycerine lotion, which is refined and pleasant as well as useful: Take one ounce of sweet almonds, or of pistachio nuts, half a pint of elder or rose water, and one ounce of pure glycerine; grate the nuts, put the powder in a little bag of linen, and squeeze it for several minutes in the rose-water; then add the glycerine and a little perfume. The lotion may be used by wetting the face with it two or three times a day. This must be a grateful appliance of the toilette-table for a parched, rough skin. It should be allowed to dry thoroughly into the skin, when, if it feels sticky or pasty, it may be washed off with warm water.

—He is the happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home.

AN AMERICAN TICHBORNE.

A Case in Which Some of the Most Prominent Men in Pennsylvania are Interested—The Wonderful Adventures of a Claimant to $40,000,000.

[Correspondence of the New York Sun.]

MAUCH CHUNK, Pa., Sept. 1.—There is now pending in the State Courts of Pennsylvania one of the most important lawsuits on record. It was instituted by Mr. O. H. Wheeler, a lawyer of this place. It is for the recovery of 4,000 acres of valuable coal lands in Luzerne county, Pa., said to be worth $40,000,000. The history of the proprietorship of the land is full of romance.

Some forty years ago there died in a hospital in Philadelphia a man named James Turnbull. He had been a man of means, and was one of the first to invest in land in this region, when the discovery of anthracite coal was tardily followed by mine developments. He purchased the tract of 4,000 acres in Luzerne county. Bad speculations subsequently led him into dissipation, and he died as stated, declaring that he still had a title to the coal-land in Luzerne, although others claimed it by virtue of tax purchase.

A DIVORCE.

A short time before his death his wife was divorced from him, and given charge of their only child, a son, also named James. He lived with his mother in Philadelphia about ten years after his father's death, then, at the age of sixteen, went to sea.

In 1852 the divorced widow, being in destitute circumstances, and believing that her son, if living—for she had not heard of him for years—was the real owner of the coal lands in Luzerne county, which her late husband had neglected, came to Mauch Chunk and called on Mr. O. H. Wheeler. He had formerly been a friend of her husband's, the two having had years before real estate transactions together. To him she stated the case of the ownership of the land, and exhibited certain papers in her possession that once belonged to Turnbull.

Wheeler examined the paper and searched the record. The result convinced him that young Turnbull had, through his father, a perfect title to the property. He at once set about to find, if possible, the whereabouts of the wandering heir. Advertisements were inserted in the journals of all countries, in all languages. Letters were written to every point where it was at all probable that James might be, but without avail. Not a word could be obtained that gave any clue to his whereabouts. The land meantime had fallen into the hands of Asa Packer, the Pardees, and other famous and powerful capitalists, who still hold them.

THE SON HEARD FROM.

One day, in the fall of 1871, James Turnbull's mother received a letter, posted in the City of Mexico. It proved to be from her son. He was living in Mazatlan, on the western coast of Mexico, and would in all probability be home in another year. Thus, after a ceaseless effort of twenty years, the lawyer and the mother were at last rewarded with news of the lost son.

Mr. Wheeler employed a man to go at once to Mazatlan and bring James to America. This was done, and about a year ago Turnbull landed in Philadelphia.

His career had been one of peril, hardship and adventure. The vessel he left Philadelphia in was shipwrecked, and he and eight others of the crew were the only ones saved. When the boat, which they succeeded in launching, was picked up near the Island of St. Thomas, after floating nine days on the ocean, Turnbull was the only living occupant. He was laid up three months in St. Thomas before he recovered from the effects of the fearful voyage after the wreck, and then embarked on a British trader. Subsequently he went to Central America. He worked on the Isthmus of Panama until the stories of the discovery of gold in California reached that section, when with hundreds of others, he hastened to the spot.

He was a Forty-niner, and made several fortunes, which in turn he lost at the gaming table. He tired of the reckless, lawless life of the mines in two years, and went to Mexico, and subsequently to Texas, where he made money in capturing cattle for speculators in New York and Philadelphia. The natives becoming too hostile, he had to flee the plains. He started to return to Mexico. On the way to Mazatlan he was

BLOWN UP

by the explosion of the steamer he was on. Hundreds perished, but he was again providentially saved. He finally reached Mazatlan, where he went to work on a canal that was being dug. He was placed over a gang of natives, and kept a ranch where they obtained their supplies. This was broken open several times and robbed. One night he was attacked by a party of Mexican soldiers, and left for dead with twelve dagger wounds in his person. Recovering from these, he again became a wanderer. He spent a year among the silver mines of Peru, getting possession of a piece of land said to contain silver deposits. Failing to find them, he disposed of the property for a song. In less than a month a rich vein of silver was opened upon it.

He then went to Chile and worked under Harry Meiggs, the great South American railroad prince. By a sub-contract under Meiggs he made several thousand dollars, and had he possessed a less roving disposition could have remained in Chile and accumulated a handsome fortune. Completing his contract, he went to Brazil and endeavored to get himself appointed as an overseer in the diamond mines, and failed. After roving through South America for several years, leading a life of the wildest adventure, he again visited the western shore of Mexico, and then determined to return home. He wrote to his mother, not knowing whether she was dead or alive.

When the agent arrived from America, Turnbull had changed his mind as to returning home, and would soon have been on his way to the diamond fields of South Africa.

To cap the climax of his eventful life, the boat which was conveying him to the steamer which was to bear him to Philadelphia, capsized, and he barely escaped with his life, losing many valuables.

THE SUIT.

Upon the arrival of Trumbull in this country arrangements were at once perfected for commencing the proceedings. The funds for conducting the suit are furnished by a stock company at a venture. If it is successful the members will be richly rewarded; if not, they lose all.

Some of the most prominent men in Pennsylvania are interested in the case, and it will be prosecuted to the fullest extent; eminent lawyers have been engaged on both sides. It came up at the last session of the United States District Court at Williamsport, but was postponed on application of the defendants, as Judge Woodward, W. H. Armstrong, Esq., and others of their counsel were members of the Constitutional Convention, and could not be present.